Owe You One

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Owe You One

by xzombiexkittenx

Summary

Murder Husbands post-Shark Tank.

"There are a number of things he could do now but it's been nearly three years; Hannibal has learned to pick his battles. Will capitulates to almost everything Hannibal wants, sooner or later. But on this front, Hannibal never wins so much as a skirmish."

Notes

Written for coloredink and hannibalsbattlebot who were kind enough to meet me for dinner.

The house is a bloodbath. Hannibal is uncomfortably aroused by the flush on Will's cheek and the shades of another killer fading from behind his eyes. Hannibal worried he would eventually get bored of watching Will wear the skins of others but it hasn't happened yet. Each time Will reaches into himself and pulls out horror, it's really something to behold.

Will's discomfort - never at the moment of the kill, always days later - adds another level of sweetness to their bargain. Will seeks him out then, eager to drown out the dying voice of his conscience. This triple homicide was especially brutal and Hannibal anticipates within forty-eight hours he'll be able to have Will any way he wants. He's been contemplating how effective hypnotic suggestion would be on someone with an empathy disorder and how best to utilize it in the bedroom. Or he could make Will hold a stress position until he collapses and fuck him afterwards. Will usually responds extremely well to that. He complains, but it does wonders for taking him out of his head.

Will is outside now, halfway to the car and Hannibal watches him go to his knees. Maybe less than forty-eight hours.

He stands over Will and puts his hand on Will's head; a reassuring weight and if Will is in the mood to fight back, he can always use his grip on Will's hair to control him.

"We're not going to hurt you," Will coos, reaching out, and Hannibal wonders who managed to escape. There shouldn't have been anyone else in the house.

There's blood spattered up Will's wrist and arm. Hannibal prefers to keep things surgical, everything in its place, everything where he puts it, but Will doesn't mind a little mess. He seems to get a thrill out of getting Hannibal messy too. Hannibal tries not to let himself get distracted.

"Hey there," Will says and Hannibal sighs as a little pointed face appears. "Good girl." The dog is swollen-bellied, hesitant, teeth bared just enough to warn Will off any funny business.

"No," Hannibal says. "Absolutely not. She's pregnant."

"Well there's nothing we can do about that," Will says, reasonably.

The dog, mangy and tired looking, blinks reproachfully up at Hannibal as Will gets up, brushing sand off his knees. It makes Hannibal's own knee twinge, just watching. Ever since Mexico he's been less able to kneel or crouch. He considers it a small price to have paid, all things considered.

There are a number of things he could do now but it's been nearly three years; Hannibal has learned to pick his battles. Will capitulates to almost everything Hannibal wants, sooner or later. But on this front, Hannibal never wins so much as a skirmish.

"We're not keeping the puppies," Hannibal says.

"Sure," Will agrees. They both know he's lying through his teeth.

They have nine dogs now - ten if you count the one Will is coaxing towards the car. God knows how many this creature will give birth to.

There's something wrong with the dog's leg so Will bundles her in the blanket Hannibal keeps in their car and carries her to the backseat. Will is fussing over the dog, making sure she's comfortable, and there's nothing left of his post-kill anxiety. Saving this pitiful little creature is distraction and penance enough.

Will glances back at Hannibal with a boyish smile. "You know I'll owe you one," he says, because he knows how much pull he has on Hannibal and he's not above using it shamelessly.

"You'll owe me more than that," Hannibal mutters.

"One for each puppy," Will agrees. He closes the car door and hauls Hannibal in by the collar of his shirt. "Whatever 'one' is," he says, kissing Hannibal.

He's beautiful when he's in distress, and he's beautiful when he's happy, and Hannibal is a bottomless pit of wanting. Since he cannot have both simultaneously, he will simply have to enjoy Will's happiness while it lasts. He resolves to find them something especially grotesque for their next kill. Hopefully there won't be any dogs in need of rescue then.

"We shouldn't linger," Hannibal says.

Will gets into the passenger seat, still smiling. "I'm going to regret agreeing to anything, aren't I?"

The dog has clearly been neglected. Her hair is matted where it isn't falling out, and she smells very bad. Hannibal rolls his window down. "As I regret indulging your animal hoarding."

"So quite a lot then," Will says. "Fair enough."

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